

The Latin School Register

1635
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Aug 13th

*Likewise y was then gen^{ally} agreed
upon y^t o^r brother, Philemon Pormont,
shalbe intreated to become schole-
master, for y^e teaching & nourter-
ing of children wth vs.*

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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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Latin School Register.

VOL. XV

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1895.

No. 3

THE ADVENTURE OF TORPEDO BOAT, NO. 64.

Conan Doyle, in the "Adventure of the Naval Treaty", told how Sherlock Holmes averted a great international dispute. Holmes did this a second time, but A. Conan Doyle did not record it.

It was in the fall of 1889, practice was rather dull, and I was feeling rather dull myself, when this adventure occurred. It was a cheerless November evening. I was reading the *Times*, and my wife was crocheting near the window, when I heard a step on the walk, and, a moment later, a sharp pull at the bell.

"A late patient," I said, somewhat annoyed, for I had no desire to go out on such a disagreeable night. The maid brought me the caller's card and I read the name, "Sherlock Holmes".

"Show him in immediately," I said to the servant. I was very anxious to see Holmes, because the last time I met him, on the Strand, he had a frightful cold and I feared that he might be sick. My wife, with womanly curiosity, asked who it was and I told her. I knew that she would be glad to see him, as he had done so much to bring our union about.

Sherlock came in, thin as ever, muffled in a thick ulster and with a low cap over his eyes. He bowed profoundly to my wife and took the chair I offered him.

"Watson, are you at leisure?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, with your wife's permission, I would like to have you accompany me on a strange case that I have. You could give your practice to your friend and I promise you that it will be one of the most interesting cases in which I ever had your services."

I glanced at my wife and, to my surprise, she said, "Go ahead, husband, it will do you good as you look rather worried." As Holmes

wished to go immediately, I rushed upstairs and was down again in ten minutes attired for the street. With an affectionate farewell to my wife, I joined Holmes outside and entered the cab which brought him, and together we were whirled along until, at the end of a quarter of an hour, we drew up at 122A Baker Street. We alighted and went up to the old sitting-room. Everything seemed the same, except that there was a new picture, that of Edison, over the door.

Holmes seated himself in his favorite chair and began thus: "I suppose you thought it strange, Watson, that I did not speak of this affair in the cab."

"I must confess that I did," said I.

"Well," said he, after a short pause, "this is a State secret and I had to be very careful. You have doubtless read in the paper about the strange disappearance of torpedo boat, No. 64?"

"I noticed the heading of the article, but did not read it," I said.

"I will tell you how I heard it from the Admiralty. Torpedo boat, No. 64, was a steel steamer, 100 feet long, ten feet beam and three feet draught. She could steam twenty-one knots an hour, being one of the latest Yarrow boats and was in the Mediterranean squadron. Last month she was ordered to Portsmouth to refit; she passed Gibraltar over a week ago and has not been heard from since. No storms have occurred and no reason can be given for her loss. Her commander, Lieutenant Brown, was a very efficient officer, he had a crew of twenty tried men, and the vessel was in good, seaworthy condition. The only thing at fault was her torpedo-tube, which was too small and tight, and it was for this reason that she was going north. Now, the day before yesterday, a startling report came from Cadiz, that the Spanish government had just launched a new torpedo boat, which the correspondent

believed to be no other than our lost 64. He conjectured that the Spanish government had captured the boat by foul means and had now slightly altered her to appear as a new boat, but that all the essential points were alike. He wrote that the Spanish government were weak in torpedo boats and that they had offered prizes for the best plans in order that they might construct new ones. None of the plans were satisfactory and as the English boats were very effective, they determined to copy their model. They captured the boat, killed or imprisoned the crew, and changed the boat to appear new, intending to build others on the same model. This ridiculous tale was believed by the Admiralty and they sent two officers to inspect the boat. These officers reported yesterday that the boat was almost identical with the English models, differing in small details, the Spanish boat being slightly shorter, but they believed that it might be the same vessel. All this stuff has been kept from the public, for, if they heard of it, there would be a terrible uproar throughout England. Spain denies all knowledge of the affair and says the boat was built from an anonymous plan handed in by a man supposed to be French. The reward offered for the plan has not been claimed, so that they have no clue as to the author. For myself, I don't see how a body of men like the British Admiralty can be so pig-headed and silly as to believe that a secondary power like Spain would do such a thing, but, I must confess, the affair puzzles me quite a little. I believe when we get on the field of action everything will be cleared up. As it is, I think I have the right solution, but I am not sure of it. What is your opinion?"

"I must confess that it is a Gordian knot to me," I said.

"Well, we will start on the Continental express for Spain to-night at twelve."

"Were you assigned to the case by the government?"

"No, Gregson was appointed, but he resigned in my favor, as he knew nothing of naval matters, so he said, but we had better start, for it's a good, brisk walk to the depot and we must not miss this train."

We muffled up and walked quickly to the

depot. I noticed as Holmes left the house, he took his revolver from the case and slipped it in his pant's pocket, a significant sign of hard and dangerous work. We arrived at the depot only five minutes ahead of time, and, seating ourselves in a coach, we were whirled away to Dover. A hasty change here, and we were bound to Calais on "La Belle France." We stayed until morning at Havre and had a splendid morning ride to Paris, whence we again took the train, this time for Cadiz where the torpedo boat lay.

It was a pleasant ride through the sunny fields of France, over the Pyrennes, and into the fertile valleys, which opened on the home of the proud dons. I enjoyed it very much, but Holmes was a very disagreeable companion, he never opened his mouth from Paris to the pass of Roncevalles and he smoked countless numbers of bad cigars, purchased at Havre, for he had left his pipe at home. After passing the Pyrennes, he seemed to have settled something in his mind, for he was more talkative, now pointing out some place of interest, now telling its history, and then again relaxing into moody silence. When we arrived at Cadiz, he seemed to come out of a lethargy and his eye kindled as it did only when he was on a hot scent.

It was night when the train drew up at Cadiz, so we left our satchels in the care of one of the hotel porters at the station and followed him, for Holmes had been here before and knew the fellow's hotel was a good one. We woke up in the morning after a good night's rest, and, obtaining a permit, we went to the navy-yard. The official received us courteously, but he had a look of anxiety on his face as he showed us over the rakish-looking, handsome boat which was floating on the surface of the basin. It certainly looked like an English boat as far as I knew, and as I have a friend on No. 27, I know something about them. Holmes and I went first to the engine-room, inspected the engine, or at least he did, and from thence we went to the fire-room, and finally into the hold. Then Holmes expressed himself satisfied and was about to go ashore when the official said in an agitated voice, "Pardon us, Señor, but this is not the English

boat is it?" He had a sort of a beseeching look on his face when he said this and Holmes smiling, said, "Have no fear, no English builder would use brass rivets in joining the ribs to the keel, because they cost too much and are not much better than the steel ones and they never could have been changed, because it would take a whole month to change them." The official overwhelmed Holmes with thanks and left us on the run to the commandant's office, while we passed out the gates. Outside, a ruffianly looking fellow, with but one eye and with a small blood-hound pup at his heels, accosted Holmes, asking him if it was the English boat or not. I was not a little surprised, for no one was supposed to know the secret except a select few. Holmes seemed to be expecting this, for he quickly answered that it was. The fellow seemed pleased. I saw a dangerous gleam shoot through Holmes's eyes and he drew the revolver from his pant's pocket. The ruffian saw him in time, his arm shot up, and Holmes's revolver was twenty feet away. The man started to run, dragging the dog after him. I pursued, he drew a revolver and I stopped. He fired, but the bullet went over my head. Holmes came running up and the fellow loosing the dog, fled around the corner. As Holmes came running up, he said, "Are you hurt?"

"No," I answered.

"That was one of the murderers of Lieutenant Brown's party, a Huelvan smuggler, the leader of the band, and the very man who killed Brown, or, if he didn't kill him, he has at least seen his body. Did you not notice that the revolver he drew on you was—" he stopped with a sudden oath and ran after the dog which had followed his master.

He came back in about five minutes dragging the dog after him. His face was radiant and he said, "Let's come up to the hotel and figure this case out."

"Are you going to bring that nasty cur with you?"

"Certainly, he may prove valuable."

"How do you make out that he is a Huelvan smuggler and that he is concerned in Lieutenant Brown's murder?" I said, when we three reached the room (I say three for Holmes

had lugged the dog up).

"Did you not see that his revolver was a pearl-handled one and, another thing, he wore boots."

"That proves nothing."

"It doesn't, eh! Well, he must have got those boots from some foreigner, and, as they were new, he must have got them recently—,"

"Why from a foreigner?"

"Because Spanish peasants don't wear boots, they wear a cross between a sandal and a shoe. Now, I suppose you will want to know why they are Lieutenant Brown's shoes and not some of the crews'. I will tell you, for the very reason that sailors don't wear shoes or boots on shipboard, they go in their bare feet, as you doubtless know. Why do I know that they were not some of the other officers'? Well, because all the officers on a torpedo boat, outside of the commander, are two midshipmen, who act as sort of lieutenants to the commander, and as these are almost boys they would not likely have big enough feet to furnish shoes for this brute."

"Very good," I said, "but how do you make out that he is a Huelvan smuggler?"

"Well, I could tell by his dress that he lived in the province of Huelva and by his dress, his hard hands, his weatherbeaten countenance, and his rolling gait, that he was a fisherman, and as all Spanish fishermen are more or less addicted to smuggling and wrecking, that was easily seen."

"How do you know that he was the leader?" said I, trying to catch Sherlock, if possible.

"Easily enough, he would never intrust the task he has undertaken, that of finding out the result of our inspection, to a subordinate."

"Well, why could not that revolver have been one of the crews', and those shoes have been captured by one of the band and handed over to the leader. I don't see as yet, how you have proven Lieut. Brown the victim of this especial man."

Holmes laughed. "It is not very likely that one of the crew would carry a pearl-handled revolver, and it is not likely that either one of the poor midshipmen without powerful friends would have a revolver with gold chasing; and

another thing, the robbers, or wreckers, or whatever you wish to call them, have only a nominal chief, a man who is a little more wicked than the rest, but when it comes to the distribution of booty they never hand over anything of value to their chief; so Mr. Chief must have got his booty with his own hands."

"Beautiful, beautiful," I said, "but why could not the midshipmen own the revolver. Many of these midshipmen are of noble blood and many that are not, are very rich; so I think that you have things twisted."

"Not at all," said Holmes smiling, "the very fact that they are in a small torpedo-boat, shows that they have no influence. If they had, they would be on a battleship where they would be under the eye of an experienced officer and have competent instruction in navigation; instead of that they were bundled away into this little egg-shell to make room for some one who has influence at the Admiralty."

"Why couldn't this pistol have been given to them by some rich snob, possibly one of them might have saved an heiress from drowning," said I, smiling.

"Unfortunately," said the unromantic Holmes drily, "such fortune is found oftener in books than in real life, and I believe if such a thing occurred, that the young man would have pawned it."

"I will surrender," I said, "I can not stand up against such evidence as that, but I would like to hear your opinion as to how the deed was committed."

"Of course I do not know, but I imagine that it was done something like this: the men on shore took a large lantern and bobbed it up and down like the light of a vessel which rose and fell with the waves; then they fired a rocket as a pretended signal of distress, or else, if they did not have a rocket, they fired minute guns, and the men on the torpedo boat, thinking it was a ship in distress, went towards the light and lost their lives on the rocks, while the wreckers looted the vessel at leisure. The only thing I don't understand is, how the commander could be duped by such an old trick and why he didn't use his search light. I suppose it must have been out of order or he would have. Now here are a

few points I also noticed about this man, that he was accustomed to carry a gun, for his coat is all worn at the amput where he rested the gun when he fired, that he had been using good tobacco lately, for I smelt it, and lastly that he had a scar on his forehead."

"He couldn't have had a scar or I would have seen it, and beside he had long hair over his forehead."

"False hair, to hide something, and what else could it have been but a scar. Now we must leave Cadiz immediately and go to St. Lucar de Guadiana, for I think we will find our men near there. And above all, this must be done secretly. We need a disguise, as the man will now be on the lookout for pursuit. See this map, I bought it this morning, the largest one I could buy in this town; you see we are in the province of Cadiz; the coast around here is not favorable for a wreck, it is too sandy, so we must go to the northwest, for the vessel was lost between Gibraltar and Cape St. Vincent. She was signalled at 'Gib,' but not at the Cape. Now I imagine that it was off the small island of Redondela that 64 met her fate. You see it is in about latitude $37^{\circ} 11'$ North and longitude $7^{\circ} 11'$ West. If we could get hold of the log-book we would be certain of the place, for such an important thing as going to a vessel in distress would immediately be put down. I think that this band, after the wreck, fled North, for they must have known that there would be a terrible uproar over the loss of an English warship. Bands like this always have headquarters in the mountains near a village, where they can get food, and especially the news. In this case the nearest mountains are the Sierra de Aracena, about twenty-five miles due north of Redondela, and the village is St. Lucar de Guadiana, nearly half a mile distant from the nearest spur of the mountains. I think that if we go in disguise to this village, and take the dog with us, and get a couple of dozen soldiers from the revenue-officer (for St. Lucar is on the Guadiana, which separates Portugal from Spain, and consequently has a detail of revenue-men to stop smuggling), we can follow the dog, who must recognize the locality, surround the band, and bag them all. One of the band

will certainly turn state's evidence to save his neck, and probably all will want to. Spain will kill them all to satisfy England, and there we have the whole thing. Don't be too sure, though, 'for there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'"

Two days later, a tall, lanky Spanish padre, mounted on a sleepy donkey and carrying a queer-shaped bag, entered the village of St. Lucar. He was accompanied by a shorter and more portly-looking gentleman dressed in the rather gaudy suit of a vine-cultivator. The padre asked for the revenue-officer. Later, the astonished villagers saw the revenue-officer and twenty men go out of the village with these two strange men, one of whom was leading a small dog, which was jumping around and tugging to get away. Still later, the peasants were more astonished to see these two strangers return and with them the revenue-officer and sixteen men, and also, closely guarded by these sixteen men, a group of nine men as ill-favored, in regard to looks, as nine men ever were. What most astonished the villagers was that one of them was Gomez, the famous bandit. It is needless to say that the two strangers were Holmes and myself.

Two weeks later, we were at 122A Baker Street talking over the case, while in a corner near the fire a small bloodhound blinked at us. "Well," said Holmes, "we have had a pleasant vacation and I feel a hundred per cent. better. It came out successfully, but if we hadn't had luck in getting the dog, we would not have come out of it as we did. I intend to keep this little fellow with me always; he will make a good watch-dog and he will always bring to my mind the pleasant weeks we spent in Spain. I am sorry that we couldn't find the log-book, but that young fellow's testimony proves that I was right. I am glad that he did turn state's evidence, for he is a nice-looking fellow and I would have been sorry to have seen him shot."

F. H., '97.

MILITARY.

The list of first sergeants has been completed and reads as follows:

Company A, Teevens	Company E, Bolster
" B, Keyes	" F, Noone
" C, Douglass	" G, Rand
" D, Simmons	" H, Durham

At a meeting held by the committee on high schools and military drill on November 8, it was decided that the English High School, comprising four battalions, should be known as the 1st Regiment, Boston School Cadets, while the Latin School, Roxbury, Brighton, Dorchester, West Roxbury and East Boston High Schools are to make up the Second Regiment of the organization. This regiment is to consist of five battalions, Boston Latin having two, and probably Roxbury High one, Dorchester, Brighton, and West Roxbury another, and Charlestown and East Boston another. In years gone by, there has been only one drum corps for all the schools, but under the new arrangements there will be a drum corps of sixteen drummers, in charge of a drum major, for each regiment.

We are greatly pleased to learn that Harry L. Morse, our gallant major of last year, has received the captaincy of Company C, in the Institute of Technology.

Now that the military examination is behind us, everyone feels much relieved, and already the lieutenants begin to speak louder and with more authority.

A MATTER OF AGE.

"T was in a railway train we met—
Hot, dusty, noisy was the car;
I'd travelled long, and I had yet
To travel far.

"Kidd's Social Evolution" I
Had dropped with languid, listless air,
When first she caught my wandering eye,—
That maiden fair.

She turned her head,—what happiness!
She smiled! I did not stop to think,
But on the sly I ventured—yes!
At her to wink!

She laughed; her mother turned to me,
(I trembled; I had been too bold!)
And kindly smiled. The maid, you see,
Was three years old!

H. S. B., '98.

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

H. L. SEAVER, - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
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 H. W. SMITH, - - - SPORTING EDITOR

C. C. MILLER, BUSINESS MANAGER

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NOVEMBER, 1895.

AT THE PUBLIC DECLAMATION held in our exhibition hall last June the prizes were awarded by an elderly gentleman whom the school took pleasure and pride in welcoming. Those who were present will ever have pleasant remembrances of the Rev. Samuel F. Smith, the man whom we honor as the author of a famous national hymn, and the man whom we feel especial interest in as a graduate of the school we now attend. He graduated from the Latin School in 1825 and was a Franklin medal scholar of that year; and in addition, secured a gold medal for a poem he composed. He graduated from Harvard and fitted for the pulpit, a profession which he pursued throughout his long life. Aside from theological knowledge, Dr. Smith was a great linguist, for he was acquainted with fifteen languages; but the greatest tribute paid to his memory are the numerous eulogies of his character by those who knew him intimately in all the vicissitudes of his daily life. It is the example of such men as Dr. Smith that has given the Latin School the name it has acquired among all the institutions of learning in our land; and it is just such an example as will bring forth all that is good in the school now, to prolong the list of great and good men who have issued from its doors.

Appropriate notice was taken of Dr. Smith's death in the hall on Monday of last week. Dr. Merrill made a few remarks and read a tribute from Dr. Smith's classmate Dr. May; and the school joined in singing the hymn which had made Dr. Smith's name immortal.

Inter arma leges silent; and amid the confusion and excitement of foot-ball all other matters are of minor consideration. Since a new committee on athletics has been formed in our school we will take this occasion to make public the constitution of the association; and wish it success in accordance with the excellence of its purpose.

CONSTITUTION.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON THE
ATHLETICS OF THE BOSTON
LATIN SCHOOL.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

This Committee shall be called the Advisory Committee on the Athletics of the Boston Latin School.

ARTICLE II.

It shall have general control and oversight of the athletics of the School.

ARTICLE III.

It shall consist of the Head Master, three other Teachers in the School, three Former Pupils of the School, and three Pupils of the School.

ARTICLE IV.

The three teachers shall be appointed by the Head Master at the beginning of the school year, shall serve for one year, and shall be eligible for reappointment.

ARTICLE V.

The three Former Pupils of the School shall be appointed by the Head Master, shall serve for five months, and shall be eligible for reappointment. Their terms of service shall be reckoned from September first and February first.

ARTICLE VI.

The three Pupils of the School shall be chosen subject to the approval of the Head Master, one by each of the three upper classes. The classes shall be called together by the Head Master at the beginning of the school year for the purpose of choosing these members. These members shall serve for one year, and those chosen by the Second and Third Classes shall be reëligible.

ARTICLE VII.

Should any member retire from the Committee before the expiration of his term of service, a successor shall be appointed in the same manner as was the retiring member, and the new member shall complete the unexpired term.

ARTICLE VIII.

The Head Master shall be Chairman of the Committee.

ARTICLE IX.

The Committee shall at the beginning of each school year choose from the three Teachers a Secretary. He shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Committee, and shall conduct its correspondence.

ARTICLE X.

The Committee shall at the beginning of each school year choose from the three Teachers a Treasurer. He shall hold, subject to appropriation by the Committee, all contributions for the benefit of the athletics of the School or any branch thereof, and all profits from games, and shall make payments authorized by the Committee on certificate of the fact by the Secretary. His accounts shall be audited at the end of each school year.

ARTICLE XI.

Six members of the Committee shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE XII.

This constitution may be changed subject to approval by the Head Master, by vote of two-thirds of the other members of the Committee.

B. L. S. 6—C. M. T. S. o.

Cambridge Manual Training, the now old-time champions, lost their second game to us on Thursday, Nov. 14, by a score of 6 to 0. It was a clean game and straight football was played throughout, but it was not so interesting as the Cambridge H. & L. contest.

The touchdown was made in the first half through short gains, by Edmunds, through the line and around the end. Maguire kicked a goal. A few minutes before time was called, Maguire sprained his ankle and had to retire.

He was not hurt seriously, and returned to watch the playing, but Latin's game fell off considerably without their captain. Murphy made some clever tackles in that half.

In the second, Thompson and White ran far out around the ends several times and generally managed to gain five yards. Dean was brought back of the line and played there well. During the rest of the play, the ball zig-zagged up and down the field without getting very far away from the centre.

Charlie Daly's tackling was fine, and Nagle's all-round work was excellent; the latter got into every play and brought down his man more than once.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Two of E. H. School's hardest games have been played, and her hold on the championship seems just as strong.

The most brilliant plays are all too insipid to force a yell from our declaimers or glee-club members.

Mansfield, late of B. L. S., now directs E. H. S. second eleven from quarter-back.

All the sprinting stars have left the Inter-scholastic. An opening for our "coming" men.

Newspaper reporters should not carry their former school boy rivalries so far as to condemn unmercifully a school team in a championship game.

The attendance at games is altogether too small. Those who are there yell well, but they are too few to really wake the echoes.

On Nov. 4, the team went to Southboro to meet St. Mark's, and the game resulted in a tie, neither side scoring. St. Mark's playing was rather ragged, but excellent work was done by us in preventing their scoring. St. Mark's defeated Groton 5 to 0, who had beaten us 22 to 0.

Two games have been played and we are not at the foot of the list. Even small mercies ought to be received thankfully.

JUDITH HUDSON.

HENRY LATIMER SEAVER.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER seeing his sister out of sight, Tom returned to his home where his little band still lay concealed. The hours dragged slowly by until after meridian, when the time seemed to pass even more slowly. Expectation was on tiptoe all the time and Tom crept from building to building cautioning his men and eagerly watching the road and the open meadows in every direction. The time wore on till the setting sun began to tinge the clouds with crimson light, when every eye became riveted on a small cloud of sandy dust far up the tree-arched road. The dust was occasioned by hoofs, whose heavy beat on the ground could be faintly heard on the still air. Every member of Tom's band was on the alert, but the new-comer seemed to make very slow progress. Indeed, the horse was barely out of a walk. Some minutes of suspense revealed a black horse and a woman upon his back. Tom started as he saw and thought he recognized the black steed; but he could not persuade himself of the fact until his own sister with tear-stained countenance and humble mien rode slowly, O, very slowly, into the weed-grown yard. Tom threw aside secrecy and hurried out although his companions still remained hidden. Before answering Tom's excited demands for an explanation, Judith led him away to the gate, out of hearing of his men, and with her low, musical voice tremulous with emotion, as if she expected some unusual outburst of passion, faltered out the facts which the last chapter revealed to the reader.

Tom Hudson's natural temperament was fiery and excitable, quickly aroused over the slightest occurrence; and Judith had reason to expect a terrible outbreak of temper.

She had but a small notion of how much depended upon Tom's success in the present enterprise, and how overwhelming would be his disgrace in case of failure. She trembled as she saw his whole frame shake with suppressed anger. As much as Tom loved his sister, at

this betrayal of confidence, as he considered it, he could have struck her. He had strength enough to restrain himself for a moment, then uttered in a low voice, "I will have that man's life."

Judith well knew that Tom would give vent to thousands of threats in his anger, which he would never think of executing in cold blood; but his determined air frightened her far more than her reason gave her cause to be. "He is safe now though," she almost whispered, more to herself than as if her words were addressed to her brother. This unintentional remark roused Tom to fury; and there is no telling to what a degree his unbridled temper would have carried him, had not a sudden occurrence stopped all communication.

A tremendous cloud of dust appeared on the road along which Judith had just come; and so heavy was the thunder of hoofs, that Tom almost thought a whole company of regulars was coming to capture himself, his sister and his men, and put a fitting end to the unfortunate day. Only one rider appeared, but he was riding as furiously as if life depended on his speed. He had no fire arms, his head was uncovered, allowing his hair to stream wildly in the wind. He was covered from head to foot with spattered mud and his horse was reeking with sweat and foam. He passed at such a mad rate that Tom scarcely heard the wild shout "Fort Ticonderoga is taken" as the rider whirled by.

If Tom was quick tempered, inexcusably hot-headed, he was at least prompt in an emergency. Only a second was lost in thinking of the terrible disaster,—the American outpost, upon which so much reliance had been placed to check the English army, was in Burgoyne's hands. New York's doors were open to his soldiers, the great army was but a few miles distant and probably advancing.

Quick as a flash he ran to the barn, loosed and led forth the horses, called out his men, mounted and sped away after the fatal messenger. His troopers kept in a body with Judith, her cheek paled by this new terror, struggling on in their midst. At this wild

rate they soon arrived at the little cluster of homesteads, stores, and churches, which centered about Vandert's mill and to which Tom had sent his sister that morning. The entire town had been aroused by the same fearful news as had brought Tom there. Upon the green were assembled most of the townspeople. A sort of camp had been made, a considerable number of horses were picketed there, and many odd kinds of fire-arms were stacked near by. All the women were huddled together, each with a small bundle of household valuables tied up in a napkin, and all apparently expecting a hurried departure. The men, with the American colonist's love of order and regularity in political affairs, were assembling in the tiny town hall, which was packed. Every farmer for miles around, who had not gone to other seats of war, men too old, or lads too young to share regular service, had come to deliberate in that anxious moment upon the best course of safety.

Tom hurriedly sent his sister to the assembly of women where his sharp eye had discovered the well-turned form and round face of Betty Langdon. After dismounting and tying their horses with the rest, Tom and his men crowded their way into the little hall. The increasing darkness had necessitated the lighting of twelve candles placed on the old table standing at the end of the hall. The room was oppressively warm, and the flickering candles served only to make a thick haze in the room and not to dispel the darkness. The clerk of the county acted as a sort of impromptu moderator, and sat in a chair on the platform, overlooking a sea of dark faces in which alarm, amazement, and indecision were mingled. In spite of the crowd there was no noise, and the meeting commenced in a most orderly way. The presiding officer, an elderly man, laid the case before them concisely and asked for their opinion. Several of the older members of the audience advised flight, urging their want of preparation and the presence of the women. The younger lads had not the assurance to offer their opinions, and a silence followed. Hesitation seemed to be fatal at that time; but no one advanced as leader and matters were at a stand-still. The silence was

broken by a clear young voice from the rear of the crowded room. He spoke simply, but with the eloquence of energy. He advised sending the women on with a small guard. He asked the ablest men to remain,—as many as could be furnished with horses. These would number about forty. They could form a little cavalry company, and be of much use in that capacity.

Of course, the speaker admitted, retreat was the only possible resort before the vast army under Burgoyne's command; but it was far better to make an orderly retreat than a headlong flight. He urged them to harrass the enemy's skirmishes; to worry the van and thus retard the whole force, but always to retreat before a superior armament.

The reader will readily recognize Tom as the speaker. His strong voice made the hot air thrill as he called on his countrymen, in the name of that liberty which they loved and that life which they sought to protect, to resist to the best of their ability. He vividly laid before them the horrors of Indian attacks on a fleeing and scattered band, and emphasized again and again the inestimable advantage that even the least resistance and delay would be to General Schuyler, who was constantly sending additional troops.

At that moment a baby belonging to one of the women in the crowd huddled on the green gave a pitiful cry; and, in the absolute stillness of the hall, the grim audience could hear the tones of the mother's voice singing a lullaby to quiet the child while her own voice was constantly broken with smothered sobs. As Tom heard the sound he lifted one hand with an involuntary gesture as if to ensure silence, and bent his head forward to listen. Every eye was turned toward him, though he did not notice it, as he stood there with the flickering light of the candles playing over his sunburned features. The fierce gleam of military ardor burning in his eyes softened as he heard the mother's song, and the breathless listeners saw tears glistening there. Without another word Tom sat down amid a silence more impressive than applause.

He was followed by an old man, who admitted that the young fellow's speech sounded

well, but said that he, for one, had no desire to fight an enemy with no gun or other weapon than his fist. This remark was so true that Tom's plan was about to be abandoned. Every one who had gone to the war had taken his gun with him and the repeated demand for more fire-arms had taken many of those which the farmers had retained for personal safety. There were twice as many horses and men as there were arms, and this fact would reduce the proposed company to twenty,—a hopelessly small force to cover the retreat of so many helpless wives and daughters.

Again matters were blocked, when a murmur of surprise ran through that crowded assembly as a white-haired old man, in very worn nankeen small-clothes, slowly rose from his seat and turned his hard face toward the expectant listeners. It was John Langdon, the miserly man who kept an ammunition store. He had not gone to the war. Some said it was because it would cost too much to leave home. He had always obtained high

prices for his wares, which, to be sure, were of excellent quality. But for his pretty daughter, this sour old man would certainly have been the most unpopular man in the town. He never gave anything to church or charity and would grind a man out of his last farthing. His appearance at this crisis caused much speculation.

He spoke in a high-pitched, quavering voice that had a rasping quality.

"I have lived on the bank of the Hudson all my life," he said slowly, "and I want to die there and not on the gibbet. In my cellar you will find thirty as good flint-locks as are this side o' the water. In the same place you will find enough powder and ball for some fifty shots apiece. I have a little darter at home, and I shall shoulder one of the guns and join the company. Tom Hudson, which is the younger as proposed the scheme, would make a good leader. I am ready to follow him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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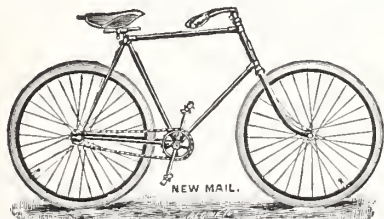
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